

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVIII. No. 2

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 9, 1927

Grapes

BY RAELENE NEWELL WHITE

Blue grapes, white grapes,
Purple grapes, I see,
Thick as jewels upon the Prince
Who will marry me!

Blue grapes, white grapes,
Garnet clusters, too,
Fill the basket to the brim,
Here's the best for you!

Blue grapes, white grapes,
Try some for your lunch,
Purple save for supper-time,
Here's a juicy bunch!

Blue grapes, white grapes,
Wild grapes from the South,
If you like a musky tang
Put one in your mouth!

The Day of Discovery

By Ruth Kathryn Gaylord

ON the map, Trinidad looks like a tiny speck of an island, a long way from the United States; for it is the last of the West Indies and almost down to South America.

Rose and Clyde agreed with the map in one way; they were so homesick that they felt a long way off from the United States. But Trinidad, instead of looking tiny, seemed quite huge when they were really there; and the city of San Fernando was crowded so full of all kinds of strange people that a North American boy and girl felt lost.

The worst of it was that most of those

queer people were Hindus and did not understand English at all. When he talked to them, Uncle Charles used Hindustanee words which he had learned.

He had lived there a good many years. Rose and Clyde had come only for a visit; and, although Uncle Charles was great fun and Aunt Bess was dear, they both wished with all their hearts that their visit were over.

"It gives me a creepy feeling," Rose confided to her brother; "every time I see Hindu girls with rings in their noses and silver bracelets on their ankles."

Clyde agreed. "The place for heathens like that is over in a heathen country. Hindus belong in India. I wonder how they got here."

For a minute, Rose forgot to be homesick. Here was a chance to tell Clyde something that he didn't know! "Well, I know how they got here," she said. "I heard Uncle Charles explaining to Father. Years ago, ship loads of Hindus were brought over here to be slaves; and all these people are descended from them. Father thinks they're wonderfully interesting."

Clyde frowned. "Well, I'd swap the whole bunch to get a sight of one American fellow — one that was born in the United States!"

In the middle of his last sentence, Rose suddenly pinched his arm, but she was a minute too late. Uncle Charles stood in the doorway behind them, and he must have heard what Clyde said, for he smiled in an odd sort of way — but not as though he were offended.

"So you've seen enough of this place?"

"It's a very nice place, I'm sure," Rose answered quickly.

Clyde, too, made an effort to be polite. "Oh, the place is all right," he said half-heartedly.

For a moment, Uncle Charles looked at them both quite seriously. Then he smiled again. "It's an appropriate place, anyhow, to spend tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Clyde and Rose seemed mystified.

Uncle Charles's good-natured smile now became an impish grin. "I'll give you until tomorrow to remember what day it is." Whereupon, he vanished again through the doorway.

Rose puckered her forehead while she tried to recall the date. "Last Sunday, I think, was the sixth — at least, that's the way I dated my letters. Let me see, if Sunday's the sixth —"

"Then tomorrow's the twelfth. Columbus Day!"

"And Columbus discovered the island and called its three mountain peaks 'the Trinity.' So that's what Uncle meant." In the next minute, though, Rose sighed. She was thinking that up at home school would be out for a holiday, and her girl friends would be planning some fun.

Clyde's thoughts, apparently, were similar, for presently he muttered, "I'd like

to know what good a holiday is down here. Let's forget all about it."

When you try to forget a thing, you usually think all the more about it! So the next morning, "Columbus Day" was the first idea that popped into Rose's head. The history of Columbus' several voyages was not very clear in her mind, but she was just homesick enough to wish he had never discovered Trinidad. "Then, maybe," she thought, "I wouldn't be here. I'd be home where I belong and where I want to be!"

Regardless of where she wanted to be, the place where she ought to be very soon was — the breakfast table! So she tumbled out of bed and began dressing as fast as possible.

Ten minutes later, she ran downstairs and into the dining-room. It was a pretty room with maiden-hair fern growing outside the wide-open windows, and a view of Naparima Hill beyond. Nobody would have guessed it was the twelfth of October.

But Clyde was remembering. His sister could tell that by the first glance at his sober face. It was true, she thought, as she sat down opposite him — an American holiday couldn't amount to much in Trinidad.

She had not counted on Uncle Charles, though. The minute he came into the room, he began chuckling. "Hello there, Columbus and Columbia! What would you like to discover today? Don't both speak at once!"

For a moment, neither of them spoke at all. Up till now, Uncle Charles's "discoveries" had always been foreign shops with queer signs or sugar-cane fields and cocoa plantations. Rose and Clyde weren't in the mood for that sort of thing today.

Before they could think what to answer, a folded paper was held out to each of them. "The charts for your voyage," Uncle said, "and your sailing orders."

This is what they read:

"Set sail from San Fernando by morning steamer, carrying with you provisions and apparel for at least three days. The vessel will proceed, as did that of Christopher Columbus, in a southwesterly direction. Dragons and strange fish may be observed in the ocean.

"Proceed, however, without misgivings, passing the Red City which is called Black. Immediately thereafter, the vessel will touch at its first port. There disembark, and you will find yourselves in Brighton — a land where black objects, having no wings, nevertheless fly to and fro. Here also may be seen mysterious birds, whose throats are larger than their heads.

"Take possession of the land. Follow a broad gray path sloping upward. Give no heed to the flying black objects which fill the air with their roarings.

"At the end of this road, behold many buildings scattered about a Black Lake, the surface of which, since it has no water, you may walk upon. Inquire of the Black Lake inhabitants for the dwelling-place of Chief Smith, his fair daughter and stalwart son. Deliver to them the sealed message herewith entrusted to you. Thus may you each discover a precious thing."

Barely an hour later, with these directions and charts spread out before them, Clyde and Rose were leaning over the steamer's rail. Uncle himself had put them aboard, paid their fare, and spoken to one of the officials.

Nevertheless the adventure seemed mysterious enough to please anyone.

"'Dragons and strange fish,'" murmured Rose. Before long, she saw them — jelly-fish, other passengers called them — and there was one with long tendrils sprawled near the surface of the water. "If you touch it," someone said, "your skin will burn."

"That's the dragon!" agreed Clyde. "Proceed, however, without misgivings. Where's the Red City which is called Black?"

When they saw it, they both recognized it — a sort of reddish-looking town by the name of La Brea. "But is it called Black?"

While they wondered, a man behind them observed, "La Brea — oh, that's Spanish for 'pitch'."

"Pitch is black," giggled Rose. "Now we must be ready to 'disembark at the first port thereafter.' What can the black objects be, if they fly without wings? I guess aeroplanes."

Clyde shook his head. "Aeroplanes have wings — at least, sort of!"

Before they reached the pier, however, that mystery was solved. There was a steamer docked already, and back and forth on wire cables between it and the land, flew suspended iron buckets. "Loading up with asphalt," the man behind them said.

Rose quoted, "'Give no heed to their roarings.' Where are the birds with huge throats? Oh yes, of course, — pelicans. There's a whole row of them over there, and they're diving for fish. Now we must follow a wide, gray path."

Leaving the pier, they saw at once a broad asphalt roadway; and, as they walked along it, groups of other passengers were talking about an "asphalt lake" where, they said, every hole that was dug, always filled up again. In the distance, stretched a queer, dark patch of something. Black people, too, — negro workmen — were walking across it, carrying great chunks of asphalt on their heads. Little cars ran along a tiny railroad.

Clyde wanted to watch them, but Rose insisted, "We must find where Chief Smith lives."

A half hour later, they were being introduced to his "fair daughter" and "stalwart son" — Marguerite and Richard.

"Our father's an overseer," they explained, "so we live in this bungalow up on the hill, but there aren't many Americans and we get dreadfully lonesome."

"We're lonesome, too," Rose told Marguerite. "Did you know that this is Columbus Day? That's why Uncle sent us to discover two new friends."

And Clyde said to Richard, "I'd rather find a fellow like you than a route to the Indies or a new continent!"

How They Did It

By Augusta F. Schellbach

IT was the first day of the fall term of school, and the children of the sixth grade in 307 were smiling, and nodding, and whispering greetings to one another; glad, most of them, to be back after the long summer vacation.

Just as Miss Percival was writing the last of their names on her enrolment sheet, there was a timid knock at the door. A foreign-appearing woman, with a shawl over her head, came in, awkwardly, as the teacher opened the door. A large girl, much larger than the other girls in the room, came close behind her mother, as though she were trying to hide from the fifty pairs of curious eyes that were turned upon them. The boys exchanged winks and the girls tried hard not to giggle aloud.

The teacher took the enrolment slip and said, "Wanda, we are glad to have you with us; aren't we, children?" There was not a very hearty response, though most of them said "Yes, Miss Percival," with their lips.

The mother took the teacher's hand in hers and said, "Wanda should learn. Wanda good girl, you be good to Wanda?"

The teacher promised and the mother left the room while a little girl monitor showed Wanda where to put her hat; and gave her paper and pencil to work with. At recess, the girls went off in pairs walking about the grounds, while Wanda stood looking at them, so lonely and so strange. Two girls passed near her, and one said, as she gave her a curious stare, "Another Polock," and Nellie, laughing, said "Where under the sun do you suppose they got shoes like that?"

Wanda could not hear what they were saying but she felt by their looks that they were making fun of her.

Edith Clark, whose father was a preacher, gathered a crowd of girls about her. They all thought Edith was so pretty and they admired her nice manners, too.

Today she had a great plan. "Girls,"

she said, "I think we ought to start a kind of girls' foreign missionary society. We could earn a little money, making things, and doing extra work, and then when we get quite a lot we can put it in with the Ladies' Mission. You know we got so we could do so many things last year and now we'll forget all we learned in our fancy-work class if we don't get at something." The girls fell in with her ideas and the bell rang while they were still busy talking about their society. They had the club started and were very much in earnest so that their fingers moved as fast as their tongues.

Poor Wanda looked on when they were having their good times but no one asked her to join in their games or their plans. She was so far behind in her studies that she could only stammer, "I don't know," when the teacher asked her questions in recitation time, and turn painfully red in the face.

She could see the scornful sidelong glances that would follow, and then turned even redder than before.

Miss Percival gave her extra help when she had the time. One day she said to Wanda "Try harder to study at home, dear." The girl began to cry. "I try home to study, my pa not know, my ma not know, I cannot to learn in this country." Then Miss Percival talked with the principal about the case but she was such a large girl they hated to put her back in a lower class. "Oh, try her a little longer," he said. "I guess we'll Americanize her all right."

The next morning Wanda was missing from school. In the afternoon her mother came to see Miss Percival. She thought the child had been kept in school for punishment. When she found out that the girl had not been there at all she was frantic.

Wanda had come to school with the other children, she said, but they hadn't seen her after they parted at the school entrance. She had not come home to lunch. The mother was sure her child had run away, and she told the teacher how the poor, timid girl had dreaded every morning to face the children's stares and sly smiles. The principal called up police headquarters, and the mother rushed home to begin from there to search for Wanda.

Next morning her seat at school was again vacant; but near closing time, in the afternoon, the mother appeared at the schoolroom door with her runaway daughter. The teacher stepped into the hall and heard the girl's story; how she had tried to go where she knew some people who were going back to Poland for a visit and she, like a foolish girl, expected them to take her along.

But the police department had ended her fond hopes and she was here, but rebellious. "I don't want to be in this American school," she burst forth. "My



Thinking Good Thoughts

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

Vacation is over. You are not really sorry, are you? It is always good to have a vacation, but it is always good to get home again. No one could be truly happy with vacation all of the time. Each one needs some work or some study to take up his mind. Part of the fun of going away is the coming home! Here are some little children who were so glad to get back to their Sunday school that they asked to have their pictures taken. One boy said, "It feels like home to get back to Sunday school."

I like to look at this picture. I see so much in the faces of the children. They all look happy and interested, but if you scan the faces closely you will notice

that while the children are thinking about one thing — having the picture taken — they are also thinking different thoughts which shine out in their faces and eyes. To one or two children the business of picture taking is a serious performance; some are quietly concerned; others are radiantly happy with the light within.

A picture shows us just as we are. If we have kind thoughts, they are shown. If we feel cross or discontented, those are there too. But a picture is not the only place where our real selves are seen. Whoever looks into our faces in the street car, in the school-room, in the store when we are shopping, may, if they care to do so, read us like a book. They will not read *all* our thoughts. Oh no, and how glad we are of that! But they can tell whether we are happy or cross; whether we are tired or discouraged; whether we are happy and contented. You may think, "Boys and girls do not show their feelings in their faces. Only older people do that." But you really do. Look at the picture. And then some day watch the faces of the children you happen to be with. It is a good lesson to learn early in life that your thoughts should always be fit to be seen.

"Thou wilt ever grow like the speech
Thou holdeth in thy mind
And uttereth with thy lips."

girls in Poland all smile to me — these girls do so —" and she imitated their side-long smirks and glances. "I want to go by my grandmothers."

"But Wanda," said Miss Percival, "your father and mother came to this country because they wanted their children to have better chances than they had in the old country. Now you take this note to the principal, and I'll come down to the office to see you as soon as school is dismissed."

The note requested the principal to keep the child interested for a short time — "I will explain later," she wrote.

Miss Percival re-entered the room where the pupils were waiting expectant and wondering what punishment Wanda would receive. "Children," the teacher began, "you may put away your books and get ready for dismissal. I suppose you think Wanda was a very naughty girl to run away. It was wrong but she was homesick for her loving schoolmates across the ocean. She hated this school — just think of it! Hated the school we all love so, because she was so lonely, and everything was strange to her. I've tried to help her catch up with the class but she needs more help than I can give her. She was afraid of your stares and strange looks and that made it still harder for her to learn. She ran away because she wanted to leave this country — our

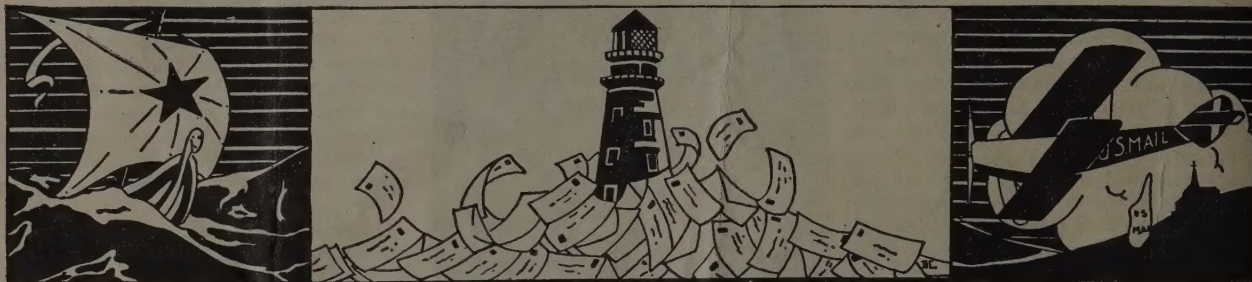
country. Think what might have happened to her in this strange city. A big-hearted policeman took her in charge and helped her to return to her home. Now what are we going to do about this? Tomorrow, after you've talked to your mothers, maybe you can help me to help her. You are dismissed."

Then she went to the office and said to Wanda, "Go home to your mother. Tomorrow morning we will begin a pleasant day. Be sure to come."

In the morning there were so many girls ready to talk to Miss Percival before nine o'clock that she took them up to the room and asked them to tell what they had decided was right.

"Miss Percival," Edith Clark began, "my mother says she's ashamed of me, and I'm ashamed, too. Mamma says foreign missions are all right but we mustn't forget the work right around us." "Well," added Nellie, "my mother says the real early Americans who started this country, were good neighbors, and always helped newcomers all they could. So we're going to help Wanda with her lessons at recess and noon." "I live right near her," said Mary Logan, "and I'll help her after school."

"We all think Wanda isn't the one to be punished," shyly announced Ida Brown — "And," said Nellie, "my mother says while we're Americanizing Wanda maybe we'll be Americanizing ourselves."



THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Editor: Will you please send me a Beacon Club button? I would also like to have my name enlisted on your long roll of the names of Beacon Club boys and girls.

I have a brother and sister that go to Sunday School and they always try to get *The Beacon* before I do.

I correspond with quite a few friends.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday School of Barnstable. My minister's name is Mr. Chase and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Marjorie Ryder.

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I would like to correspond with another girl of my age.

I remain, your friend,

MARJORIE LOVELL.

29 HIGHLAND AVE.,
GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I always like to read *The Beacon*. I should like to be a member of the Club, as I see a lot of names in *The Beacon*.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT WINSLOW.

NORWELL, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin and I would be very glad to have you send me another. I am nine years old and should like a girl of my age to correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,

SALLY R. BARNARD.

1050 WEST 7TH ST.,
ERIE, PA.

Dear Editor: I am ten years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Joy. She reads us interesting stories. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and would like to be a member of the Club.

Truly yours,

SUSAN ELLERY.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS A Wish

BY JEAN R. KING (AGE 11)

I'd like to be a star that shines up in the sky,

Or sit upon the moon and watch the world go by.

I'd love to be a sailor and sail upon the sea,

Or what I wouldn't give just a wave to be.

I'd love to see the globe, its mountains and its lakes,

Its winding river streams that look like silver snakes.

Or — maybe dressed in green and blue — I'd take my place where flowers do,

And have the sun shine brightly down, Making the dew-drops sparkle 'round'.

But, after all, I'm really glad I'm but a little girl,

To run to Mother or to Dad and in their arms to curl.

Robert Schumann

BY RICHARD SCHULTES (AGE 12)

Robert Alexander Schumann was born in Saxony on June 8, 1810. He was the son of a bookseller. He showed his talent early, as did Beethoven, Handel, and other great musicians. This composer showed talent not only in music but in poetry. When he was six years old he played the piano, while in his seventh year he was composing quite difficult music. In 1828 he entered the University of Leipzig, then under Mendelssohn. In 1829 he went to the University of Heidelberg to study law! However, his strong desire to be a musician was too great and he stopped the study of law. A few years after this he injured his finger from over-practice. This made him turn to composing. In 1840 he married, and in 1844 he moved to Dresden where he stayed until 1850. His health failed and the last two and one-half years of his life were spent in a sanitarium. He was noted for his songs for children.

Puzzlers

Enigma

My *whole* is composed of 84 letters and is a verse from the Sermon on the Mount.

33, 78, 38, 9 is very large.

57, 54, 62, a high priest of Israel.

7, 45, 34, 26, 17 is something found in a boy's pocket.

56, 30, 69, 40 is stop.

18, 79, 81, 3, 65 is miles at sea.

10, 37, 21 is a fruit.

4, 15, 23, 36, 8 is a tale.

16, 2, 8, 58, 72 is stockings.

44, 61, 68, 51 is a fish.

29, 41, 59, 75 is an act.

1, 25, 84, 63, 32 is tied up.

74, 43, 55, 82 is what you should do.

48, 60, 73, 11, 20 is a spot.

27, 83, 31, 6 is absent.

53, 68, 35, 14 is used by shoemakers.

77, 49, 66, 39 is a horizontal line.

11, 5, 47, 80 is superior.

2, 50, 22, 42 is to loosen.

13, 67, 52, 24, 76 is dishonor.

70, 30, 12, 64, 46 is big.

19, 12, 5 is wrath.

WEST ROXBURY.

Charade

My *first* goes dancing down the hill,
To grind the corn that comes to mill.

My *second* grows by night and morn
And home at last is gayly borne.

My *whole* is beautiful to see,
And every boy is fond of me.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.
Printed in U. S. A.